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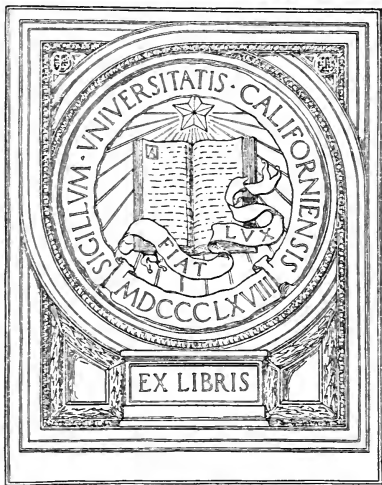


# LADY EVE

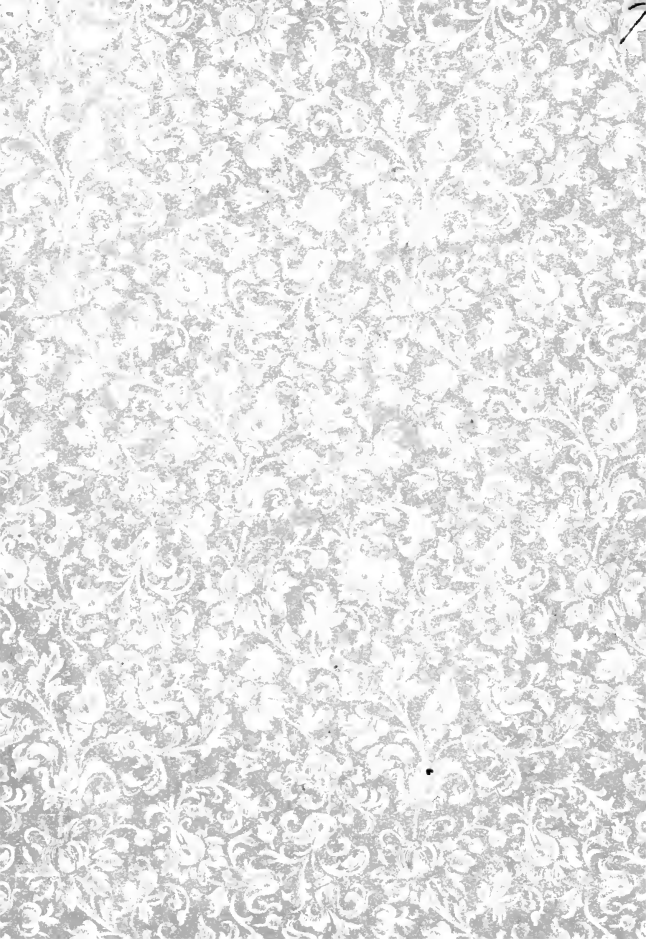


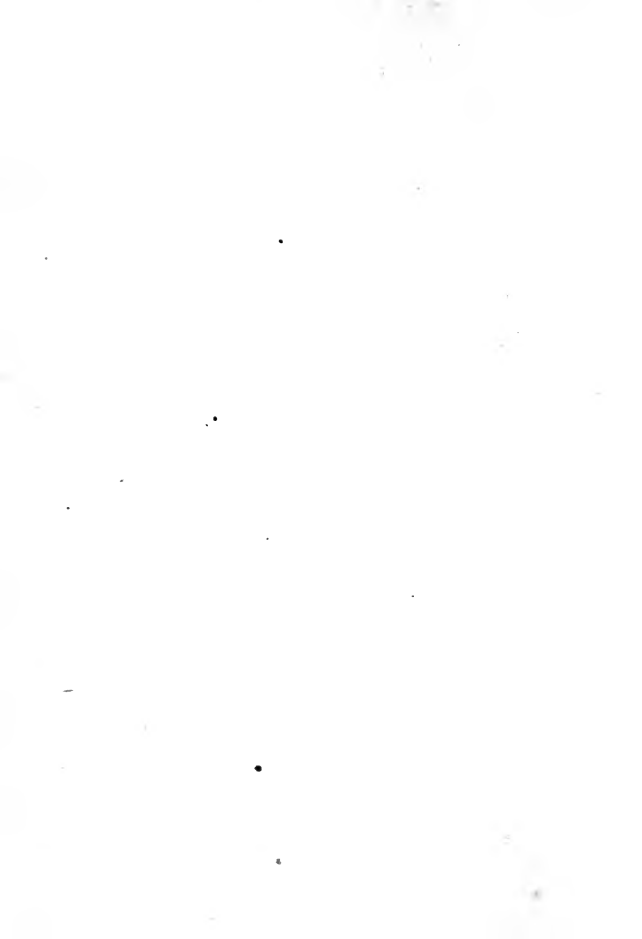
By  
R.O. Blaydes M.D.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN















# Lady Eve

BY

R. O. BLAYDES, M. D.,

TRIUMFÓ, MEXICO.

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# LADY EVE

BY

R. O. BLAYDES, M. D.,

TRIUMFÓ, MEXICO.



IN the beginning of a vanished century in the long ago, when old Father Time was an infant dressed in slumber robes, too young to record when it was, omnipotent and immortal Jove in his palace of spangled stars convened the Senate of the Skies, and to the gods and goddesses he said:

“Between Heaven and Hades there is a little world called the Earth, that has forever been held in the dark, cold, gloomy embrace of chaos. Aurora, fair daughter of dawn, sprinkle with your rosy light the sable curtains of night; unloose from his vaulted prison beyond the cloudless blue the golden sunshine; take with you fair Ceres, Flora and Hermes, too. Find the loveliest place, and prepare for me and my guests a wonderful garden of beauty and bloom, and, when finished, send Hermes

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to Hades with an invitation to his Satanic Majesty to visit us in Eden, if he has time and inclination."

They obeyed his orders, and in a short time in the sunny south a magnificent garden was made. The glorious sunshine and silvery moonlight took the place of the sable curtains of Egyptian gloom, and chaos ceased to exist. In this garden of the gods bloomed and blossomed many fruits and countless varieties of flowers of various colors and fragrance. Oranges gleamed golden among the dark green leaves of the trees. Snowy magnolias unfurled their creamy petals to the breeze; scarlet and white japonicas, climbing creepers with their crimson blossoms, pure white Easter lilies, with the tiger red lilies and lilies of the Nile, were found in the same bed with the beautiful fleur-de-lis. Golden fields of flaming poppies, all red and gold, mingled their brilliant and fiery bloom with the magnificent foliage and marvelous bloom of other brilliant flowers of rare, strange and unknown names; and, as these beautiful flowers blended themselves into Nature's bouquet, and stretched out into the distance, far, far away, it seemed the gold and purple sky, shading into a cloudless blue, rested on these pyramids of exquisite flowers.

Among these fair flowers was one by far more exquis-

## LADY EVE.

itely beautiful—a *woman*, Lady Eve! From a snow white camelia Ceres, Aurora and Hermes fashioned her—a dainty piece of feminine loveliness. Her form and features were perfect. She had glorious dark brown eyes, shaded by long, silken eyelashes; a complexion very fair and transparent, with pink roses blushing beneath a wonderful wealth of golden hair, which fell in shining masses of burnished gold over snowy shoulders and waved in dreamy loveliness to her tiny feet. She was most becomingly gowned in white China silk, and, standing by a fountain of Parian marble surrounded by a bed of brilliant roses—American beauties, bridesmaid, jacqueminots and other varieties, white, yellow and gold, with climbing wild roses, damask and pink, which twined themselves into wreathes around a beautiful arbor near by, she was watching the arrival of the immortal gods and their guests. The gods fell madly in love with her, as only the gods can love, and so did their guests, and vied with each other in trying to win her affection. Prometheus opened a studio, and, as a sample of his fine art, for her he made a man from plastic clay. She said for inaminate man she did not care; so he went back to Heaven, and in the absence of the immortal gods stole some sacred fire, and with it he brought old father

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Adam to life. She was so well pleased with the improvement that soon afterwards there was a wedding in Eden. She married the statue. Hermes was best man, and the beautiful Aphrodite (who rose from the foam-crested waves of the sea, and who was the most celebrated blonde beauty of her day) was bridesmaid.

The gods were very jealous, and signified their displeasure by banishing Prometheus to Hades and having the vultures there feast on his liver.

This hasty wedding, like others, proved no exception to the adage, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure." They did not live happily. Her husband found more pleasure in the society of the golden-haired Aphrodite, and she, in a fit of pique, commenced a flirtation with his Satanic Majesty and Cupid that had an unfortunate ending.

One evening as these three stars in the drama—the Comedy, the Tragedy, the Farce, whichever we make out of the play called Life—went out for a walk down the finest glade in Eden. The stars looked down from the azzure skies with a brilliancy most unusual on fields of golden red and white flaming poppies; over the white breasts of river lilies that were trying to entice the stray moonbeams from the world of shadows, never

dreaming these visitors would in a short time cause Eden's destruction. Continuing their walk through a garden of magnificent oleanders, all white and red, they came to an orchard of fine fruit. The keeper of the garden invited them in, and said:

“You may all eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden ye shall not eat, neither shall you touch it, lest you die.”

His Satanic Majesty said to Lady Eve:

“That is untrue; it is the finest fruit in the garden, save this”—pointing to a fine tree near by, which the keeper of the garden said was the Tree of Life.

The fruit resembled a golden pear. His Satanic Majesty said to Lady Eve that what the keeper said was untrue—it was the finest fruit in the garden, and, plucking some from each tree, he handed it to her, saying:

“Eat thou of this, the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and you shall not surely die; for immortal and omnipotent Jove knows in the day thou eat thereof your eyes shall be opened. You shall be as gods, knowing good from evil.”

She said to him:

“If you think the fruit is wholesome, and a fruit to

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be desired, you eat first; and, if it does not *poison* you, I will eat of it, too."

And he accepted from her a fruit which resembled a rich, luscious, sun-kissed peach, which he ate. She, perceiving it was pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise, also took of the fruit thereof and did eat; and, having finished it, she said:

"Are you sure the golden pear from the Tree of Life is harmless, and will confer a boon possessed alone by the immortal gods—that of life eternal!"

He said he was convinced that not only would it make her an immortal, possessed of eternal life, but that it would also confer a boon she would value as only a fair woman can—eternal youth and beauty. To her in the sweet, bye and bye no crowsfeet nor wrinkles of old age would ever come to mar her lovely beauty; she would forever remain young and beautiful. She said for him to try a pear first, which he did; then she ate one, too.

Cupid and the keeper stood paralyzed with fear. The audacity of the culprits amazed them, for immortal Jove's orders, when disobeyed, always were followed by punishment—swift, terrible and sure. As soon as Cupid recovered his senses he took his Satanic Majesty to task for having tempted their fair companion to eat forbidden



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fruit, and kicked up with him quite a fuss; and, in a fit of ill temper gave him a slap in the face, and a rough-and-tumble fight followed. They were separated ere it had progressed far by mutual friends, but Cupid next day sent him a challenge to fight, which he accepted, and chose the prize ring and a fight to a finish.

The time for the fight found all the immortal gods, goddesses and swell sports from Providence much interested, and the pavilion around the twenty-four foot ring was crowded with guests from floor to roof. His Satanic Majesty ruled a strong favorite. As he was so much stronger and of finer physique it seemed a sure thing—so thought the fickle goddess of chance, Fortuna, who made a book on the fight. She held him at short odds. Of Cupid's chances she thought so little that on him she gave long odds.

Among Lady Eve's most ardent admirers was the rich old miser Midas. She borrowed from him all the wealth the old fellow would lend, and wagered so much gold on Cupid that she bet the goddess Fortuna to a standstill. In the excitement old Midas accidentally touched himself and turned to gold, and she bet him, too. She was a plunger second to none.

At the appointed hour the contestants entered the

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ring. Cupid wore pale blue silk trunks and a golden girdle around his slim waist. His Satanic Majesty wore red silk trunks and a black pirate flag around his waist. Hermes was Cupid's second. Apollo kindly volunteered to act as second to his Satanic Majesty, and Minerva, on account of her wisdom, was chosen referee.

The gong sounded, the fight was on, when fair Venus, the timekeeper, called time.

Round 1—They stepped to the middle of the ring, both sparring for an opening. Cupid feinted, and drew away as his Satanic Majesty made a strong lead for his chin with his powerful left duke. Then he let fly his right and gave his Majesty quite a severe blow over the left eye, and, rushing him towards the ropes, he followed with another which landed on his Satanic Majesty's nose, causing the red claret to flow. His Satanic Majesty, when he came back to the center of the ring, scored heavily on Cupid's stomach two powerful blows, knocking him down. He barely missed being counted out.

Round 2—Both came up looking like they had been to a sure enough prize fight. Cupid opened up with a hard left on the mouth. Then his Majesty scored a heavy blow over Cupid's solar plexus, which was followed by some heavy blows in quick succession on the face. The crowd

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cheered as Cupid was rushed to the ropes. Cupid recovered and came back fighting pretty game, and got in some pretty fine work, knocking his Majesty down twice with well-directed blows in the pit of the stomach. The timekeeper called time as the gong sounded, and trainers and seconds were busy sponging and cooling off their men.

Round 3—This was a savage round from start to finish. Cupid rushed the fighting, and got in two beautiful licks in quick succession under the jaw, followed by a heavy blow in the mouth, knocking his Majesty down. He arose and clinched with Cupid, raining blows right and left for Cupid's face, but they fell a little short. His Satanic Majesty then fainted, walked backward a few steps, made a powerful rush and hit Cupid a stunner between the eyes, following his advantage by a few heavy body blows. Cupid countered with a powerful swing with his left duke, which landed hard on his Majesty's jaw. He then crowded him, raining blows fast as thought, giving his Majesty heavy licks in stomach and over heart, seeming to be able to land when and where he pleased. Finally, finding his Satanic Majesty powerless to avert his heavy blows, Cupid gave him a left swing, which landed behind his right ear, knocking him

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down and out. The timekeeper counted out the seconds, and, as his Satanic Majesty was amusing himself, seeing countless stars in slumberland, he failed to hear or heed. His head struck the hard floor in falling, producing a partial paralysis, which left him a cripple for countless ages to come; and Cupid was declared the winner of the first prize fight on earth.

Since then prize fights have become very fashionable sport, and no manlier way has ever been found for settling disputes.

After the fight Cupid was given a swell banquet, and, being Extra Dry, and not at all Mumm about expressing his condition, he drank more White Seal than was good for him—in fact, got pretty drunk, and after the banquet he wandered out into a pretty garden of red, white and gold poppies and fell asleep, and had a dream that the little Red Mouse of the Brocken, which was his old rival and foe, in disguise climbed out of the petals of a great big white poppy and hypnotized him with his cold, tiny little black eyes, throwing him into a trance, and then commenced reading his dreams to the gods. He dreamed all the flowers in Eden changed into beautiful women, most exquisitely gowned. From the heart of an American beauty rose stepped a magnificent beauty,

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with steel gray eyes, dark brown tresses, tinged with deep red gold, most beautifully gowned in a light gossamer clinging gown, which revealed while it concealed a form of faultless mould. She was followed by a girl from a hyacinth—a daughter of the gods, divinely fair, divinely tall, with matchless brown eyes and a roguish, laughing smile. She was most becomingly attired in a dainty green silk, covered with rare old black Spanish lace, elbow sleeves and slightly décollete. Another, still more beautiful, sprang from a water lily; a beautiful nymph—a Nereid—she seemed; an Undine—with her pretty red-gold hair falling over a snowy pair of bared shoulders. Her eyes, of sapphire blue, sparkled and danced in a most captivating way, and her pretty Cupid's bow of a mouth displayed a pretty smile, from lips far more beautiful than the half-opened buds of the red roses on a dewy morning.

Blondes, brunettes, stately and tall, lithe, willowy and graceful—petite, dainty little women—kept springing from the flowers until a hundred seemed him to surround. They were soon followed by an equal number of handsome, graceful men; so that he fired his heart-shaped arrows promiscuously into the crowd, and weddings followed galore; that woman created herself, and man, too,

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and with her creation the gods had very little to do. All the gods were soon tired of earth save him; he found it a most attractive place, and spent much of his time as a model for sculptors and painters. That the prettiest maiden on earth was Psyche, and he married her in his dream, and the fair little bride he was never permitted to see save when the moonlight neglected to come to her home; that Venus grew jealous and made pretty Psyche a great deal of trouble. He dreamed Eden was a garden of flame. Omnipotent Jove was greatly displeased with some of his guests, and swore never again on earth would he give a lawn or house party. He awoke from his slumber, and, standing close by, was immortal and omnipotent Jove and Lady Eve having a big fuss. He was taking her to task for having eaten the forbidden fruit. Her eyes grew black with passion when he ordered her and her husband also to leave the garden, and as a punishment, for all time to come, by the sweat of their faces they would have their living to earn; that for mortals bread was the staff of life, and had to be cultivated, necessitating much labor. She let him talk for a while until she had a chance to get a word in edgeways, then she held the floor until she had her say. She told him of his unreasoning hospitality, of his selfishness in re-

LADY EVE.

serving the fruits from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, also the fruit from the Tree of Life; of what the keeper of the garden said in order to prevent them from eating it—if they touched it they would surely die—and said:

“ Since then several days have gone by, and I, for a corpse, am feeling pretty gay. Really, to be frank, don’t you think the keeper of your garden is a most accomplished liar? I certainly do. Eden I have no intention of leaving. You can storm, bluster and threaten and try to put me out if you dare, but if you do I am going to make a great deal of trouble for you; for, as sure as you meddle with me or my pleasure, I mean to go and tell haughty Juno, the proud Empress of your couch, of your mad infatuation for fair, frail Leda; of your nightly visits, swimming down Rainbow Lake to her fairy villa on the edge, in the disguise of her pet snow white swan; and when Juno learns of your pretty mistress she will not worry you with the divorce court. She will settle the case in her own jealous way. And if you don’t need a firmer and more durable foundation to hold up your palace of spangled stars, then, *mon ami*, I am talking moonshine to you.

“ Besides, instead of my leaving Eden, Eden is going

## LADY EVE.

to say *adios* to itself and all its guests, including you. His Satanic Majesty has the garden all mined with dynamite, gunpowder, cordite and gun-cotton. He has prepared a pretty lively serenade for you. You had better look to your lifeboat; you are liable to have rough sailing, ere with Eden you get through. Down in the meadows all carpeted with bright blue grass, many regiments of little red devils are waiting to give battle to you. His Satanic Majesty and his official family have declared war on you."

Omnipotent and all-powerful Jove was caught napping, but in a short time soon had plenty of warrior angels in battle array. Charge on charge by legion after legion of little red devils were met by pretty angels, all armed with pretty gold crosses. Thunderbolt after thunderbolt (omnipotent Jove's favorite weapon) swept regiment after regiment of little red devils from the earth like snowballs melting in a warm corner in Hades. His Satanic Majesty finally exploded his mine—giving many a dear little woman angel a quick ride to glory—but was defeated and sent back to Hades in disgrace. A few falling angels, including proud Lucifer, kept him company. Of Eden there remained not a trace save two lava-covered mountains, from the west mountain a river of



## *LADY EVE.*

water rushing down its lava-covered sides, hotter than the hinges of Hades. Where last night the immortal gods and their guests were feasting and enjoying the good and evil pleasures of life, to-night the moon, proud queen of the night, as she soared higher and higher in the starry heavens, looked down on an unfamiliar scene and grew pallid with fear.

Old Neptune, in his chariot, took Lady Eve and her husband across the briny deep and left them in a beautiful Oriental land, far from Eden. To them came Tantalus with the secrets he had stolen from the gods, also flower seed from Flora and fruits and cereals from Ceres, saying they could till the soil and have as happy a home and as beautiful flowers as ever bloomed in Eden; that Marie Corelli said the world was merely at best a hotel for mortals on their journey through life, until the soul left its frail tenement of clay to be judged and assigned a future and more permanent residence, either in the celestial regions beyond the skies or in Hades; that at birth two microbes, one evil the other good, constituted a dominant part of that unknown entity we designate by the name of the soul. As every mortal went down life's highway from the cradle to the grave the future fate of his soul was in his own hands; if he nourished it with



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good deeds and kind actions, and obeyed the religious teachings of the divines, after life's fitful dream was over it would become an angel-star, to shine again on a brighter shore in realms Elysian. If evil deeds got the best of this soul, and life was evil, in the end when life's tempestuous voyage on earth was ended, old Charon would row it across the mythical river Styx to Hades to suffer eternal punishment.

He also said the earth and the fullness thereof was for man's benefit and amusement. He had dominion over the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fish in the sea, every living, breathing thing, and every plant or vegetable. While living he could use what he liked to nourish and amuse himself, but when dead and turned to dust the plants would eat him. The living nourished the dead, and the dead the living. Nature, in her wonderful chemical factory, was always changing matter into life and life into matter. How many other true secrets he might have divulged will never be known, for immortal Jove's three best detectives arrested him and imprisoned him in Hades. They tied him in the hottest place to a stone in water—cold, nice, delicious ice-water, just touching his parched lips and tongue, with never a drop to drink.

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Prometheus' masterpiece of sculpture lived happy with Lady Eve many years, and became an expert tiller of the soil. To them were born many brave sons and fair daughters. Old age gradually stole into his veins, making him an aged, decrepit, cross and childish old man. He had a visitor one day, Thanatos, who gently closed his eyes forever in a dreamless sleep that knows no awakening, and the celestial fire which composed his soul winged its flight upward to celestial regions to become an angel and dwell forever in the realms of the blessed.

\* \* \* \* \*

All alone in his council hall of state, seated on his crimson throne, yet surrounded by all his official family, sat his Satanic Majesty, dreaming of the gay house party in Eden; of his lost sweetheart, Lady Eve; of his magnificent Kingdom of Evil; of its fine mosaic-paved streets made from the bricks of good intentions and bad deeds; of his fast-increasing wealth, since he and the Sun had entered into a partnership and raised the price of heat, this most essential of all things—useful to mortals on earth as well as the celestial lands, and his own Kingdom of Evil.

His dreams were interrupted by the entrance of a

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footman dressed in a livery of crimson red fire, bearing on a gold salver a card with his Majesty's friend Hermes' name engraved thereon. After delivering some letters of official business from immortal Jove, concerning an exchange of a few souls that he thought would make useful angels, they fell to talking about old times. He told Hermes of his paralyzed and helpless condition, and of his love for his lost Lady Eve. To him Hermes said:

“On my way here I spent several pleasant weeks at a famous spa, famous all the world over, and known as the Hot Springs of Arkansas. From the lay of the mountains and the pretty valley I am sure the city is built over the ruins of old Eden, and it is a much prettier place. While there I saw some magical cures performed. I believe if you would go and take the baths that in three weeks you would grow young again. The season now is at its height, and I am going to spend several more weeks there. If you will be my guest, I'll guarantee you a cure of your paralysis and your heartache, too. There are many pretty feminine pebbles found promenading down the magnolia shaded avenue known as Bath House Row; many a dainty beauty to be seen tripping the light fantastic to the music at the grand hotels, and the cuisine is exceptionally fine. Knights of the green cloth woo the

## LADY EVE.

fickle goddess of fortune nightly at the famous Arkansas and Southern clubs. The limit at faro is from the roof to the sky, and more money is won on the turn of a card at the Turf Exchange than man can earn all the days of his life by the sweat of his brow. Close confinement and hard work has made you melancholy. A change will do you a world of good. If you will go and take a hot bath at one of the fine marble bath houses, following it with a cold needle bath, and have a big negro rubber rub you down well, wrap you in a linen sheet, then put on a fine bath robe, lay down for an hour on a couch, order and drink a Zumo Anana cocktail mixed with a Kentucky mint julep, toned down with plenty of cracked ice, you will fall asleep and dream you have met, loved and won fair Lady Eve."

His Satanic Majesty replied that, from the way his guest talked, he thought he was a drummer for Hot Springs, to which he replied that he was.

His Satanic Majesty, yielding to his old friend's advice, went, then little believing he would find on earth such a gay, beautiful and so fascinating a city. A three-weeks' course of baths cured him. One night an annual ball was given at a big hotel called the Monarch of the Glen. The large dining-room was turned into a beauti-

## *LADY EVE.*

ful miniature lawn. There were fairy grottoes, feathery palms and lots of pretty climbing vines; also dainty, cool little arbors lit up with tiny fairy electric lamps, which sparkled like myriad fireflies in a tropical garden. Many invitations to famous beauties all over the world had been sent out for this grand ball. Every city of note had sent its fairest beauty, and such a gathering at this famous spa had never before been seen.

Among them was a seemingly beautiful girl dressed in a filmy gown of China silk of pale blue and white stripes. Her beautiful limbs, rounded and smooth as a pearl, could be plainly seen through the gauzy drapery that clung like white mist about the exquisite curves of her fairy form, and floated behind her in shining folds of shimmering sheen. Her exquisite neck and arms were bare, and from tiny hand, dainty wrist, to snowy shoulder, such velvet softness and beauty of feminine flesh never before was seen save in poets' dreams. She was waltzing with Hermes, and after the dance he asked permission to introduce his friend, his Satanic Majesty. An introduction was followed by a waltz, after which a shady nook was sought while waiting for an ice. His Majesty tried to think where had he seen this wonderful beauty before. A look at her glorious brown eyes and masses

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of golden blonde hair, most becomingly braided and caught up in a red silk net, reminded him of his lost love—Lady Eve—and he soon found it was *her*. So he immediately began his story of love for her, which had commenced in old Eden in the long ago. He expressed it in a dignified way and spoke very few words. She answered him neither yes or no, but, looking out beyond the fairy grotto into the brilliant starlit heavens above, she asked him if it was true that the stars were merely campfires kindled by lost souls when camping out on the journey to purgatory to await the Pope's and priests' pleasure ere they were prayed into Heaven or banished to Hades. He said he never allowed his mind to wander and think of silvery stars when such beautiful stars as her matchless brown eyes were so near by. Gazing into those amorous orbs he noticed for the first time a fiery red pigeon-blood ruby cross suspended from a small gold chain around her swan-like throat. For once in his life a cross for him had no terror, so infatuated was he with his partner in sin in old Eden in the childhood days of the world. She said:

“Do you know, you have asked for the costliest thing on earth—a woman's heart? Asked for it like a child would for a toy!”

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“ Well,” he replied, “ if I have, if you will give it to me I’ll value it far more than my kingdom or life, for I’ve loved no one so long, so true, as I love you.”

She said:

“ The wine, the music, the mazy whirl of the dance to-night have called up old memories. Should you see me in broad daylight you might not have so much love for your old sweetheart, for I’ve grown old and ugly, and sometimes get pretty cross. When choosing a wife you should always propose in broad daylight. I will meet you to-morrow at 10 o’clock up Happy Hollow under the pretty dogwood tree covered with snowy white blossoms.

It seemed a long time to wait, but the time eventually arrived. So did he, and soon afterwards came the fair Lady Eve.

They talked of the beauties of Hot Springs, and pitied those who had never visited this beautiful spa; of its wonderful cures; of the magical effect on old age, and how quick it cooked the microbes of disease; of its fine thoroughbred horses, its mountain roads, golf links, and pretty little lakes; its magnolia avenues; of the delicious fragrance of the snowy white magnolias, enhanced by



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that delicious piney odor wafted from the mountains; of the laughing sunbeams; of the beautiful dreams and rosy air-castles that the disease stricken invalid had when he found his hopeless condition, which had baffled all the wisest M. D.'s all over the world, when after a few weeks here they, like he, had been entirely restored to health; of how much brighter the moon shone here; of its pretty cloud effects; of an interesting and unique weekly magazine known (and read all over the world) by name of "The Ark. Thomas Cat;" of the many loves and lovers who met here, and how many marriages occurred here each year. Then he grew impatient, and asked her in pretty plain English if she would make him forever happy by becoming his wife. She said:

"You say you have loved none save me. How about Persephone, Ceres' daughter? You stole her without so much as asking her or her mother."

"Yes," replied his Majesty. "When Easter time arrived her mother said last year's bonnet was plenty good, and she felt so disgusted with earth when she could not keep up with the styles for a dozen new bonnets, that she gladly consented to run away from Ceres and keep house for me. She knew nothing about the culinary art, and

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so I got rid of her pretty soon by sending her home."

"Next you stole fair Leto, did you not?"

"That's true. She was a cry baby, and had never before been away from home. She came near bankrupting my kingdom by quenching the fires of Hades with her tears. You bet, I was glad to see her go home."

"Next you stole fair Eurydice, did you not?"

"Yes; the most beautiful Nereid nymph, the prettiest Circe I ever met. She is not so beautiful as you, although she is the fairest goddess that ever roamed among the Olympian hills or attended a court ball in omnipotent Jove's palace of spangled stars. Orpheus was a crank, daft on music. He drove her distracted playing an old jewsharp; and, to get away from him, she ran away with me, but the gods kicked up such a muss I did not have the pleasure of keeping her long. So, you see, I am off with all the old loves save you, my first love."

"Surely, in a sane moment, to such an evil old kingdom as Hades you would not care to take me!" cried Lady Eve. My, what a horrible place the preachers and Dante have made it out to be!"

"With the preachers it is a matter of business—a

## LADY EVE.

question of meat and bread," explained his Satanic Majesty. "As to Dante's 'Inferno,' he was a dissipated young poet, whose poems no publisher cared to buy. He fell madly in love with a beautiful Italian girl, with soft brown eyes, named Beatrice, and, having no money, her father refused to allow them to wed. So he drank so much absinthe he had what the doctors call delirium tremens, and uneducated folks call snakes in his boots. He had a terrible dream of my kingdom, and when he awoke sober he wrote it up. It made a hit with the dear public, and later on was magnificently illustrated by a celebrated French painter named Gustave Dore. When the dear public saw so many beautiful women dressed in robes de nuit, or rather minus them, flying to my kingdom it proved for me a great advertisement. For it I paid neither the publishers nor the poet a cent. For man, sensual man alone for woman cares, either as a wife or a mistress—and, if what the good book says is true, among the angel band waiting on the other shore, there is no promise to man that he will ever there find a wife."

Then said Lady Eve:

"If you will turn your kingdom into a grand hospital and make of it a sanitarium for the cure of diseased souls,

*LADY EVE.*

I will gladly be your wife, for surely *sin* is a disease,—a result of an insane mind.”

He gladly consented. So this is how Hades as a Kingdom of Evil has ceased to exist, and the words of an eminent divine that “Hades had played out” came true.



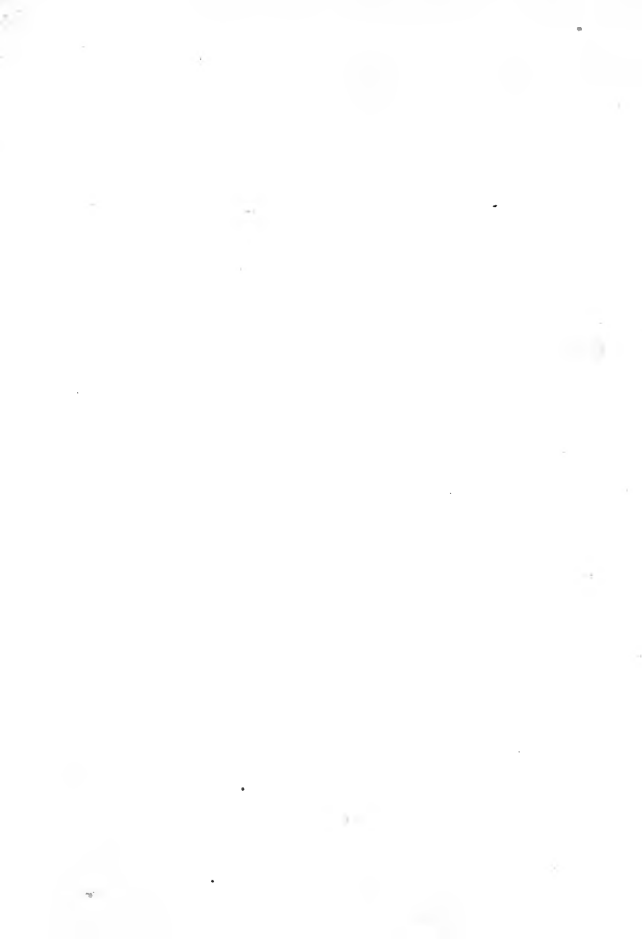












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